To know and to love.

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To know and to love.

by Toom4nyIdea5

Summary

Falke has always been a learner, although the things she used to learn are far from pleasant.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

F-46 knows two things.

She is weak.

She must be stronger.

She blocked her teacher’s weapon with a two handed staff, which opened her legs to a powerful sweep. The weapon chatters to the ground and is picked up.

F-46 knows what happens next.

Her teacher’s firm staff smacks against her bare arm and she holds back tears. She cannot cry, that would be weakness. Her teacher's eye glare disdainfully at her, like she's a rotten piece of filth on the ground.

“You have been given the destiny of serving our lord, yet you refuse to learn? Perhaps you need time to reflect on yourself…"

F-46 shakes her head vigorously. She doesn’t want to go back to the room yet. It’s so cold, so dark and she hasn’t even eaten yet.

She doesn’t say these things, she merely looks directly at her teacher's stern face. She is unreadable, like steel.

Her teacher smiles wickedly, tossing F-46 her training weapon. It is clumsily caught.

“Let’s try again,” She demands, weapon at the ready.

F-46 grips the weapon with both hands, unsteady, but she knows she has to be better.

It begins again. She is beaten again. And she is sent to the cold dark room again. Nobody looks at her. What is there to look at beyond a failure?

After adding another line to her tallies, she sits on her bed and curls up.

Tears escape her eyes.

She knows it is weakness.

Falcon knows two things.

She is older.

She is replaceable.

She’s practicing with her powers. Psycho power, it’s called. She infuses it into her staff, training it like a rifle.

She does not question how she knows such things. She fires shots of purple energy at targets, narrowly avoiding the countermeasures.

“You are improving. Perhaps there is something worth in you after all.”

Falcon doesn’t cheer or celebrate the compliment. That would be weakness.

She simply nods. Like an obedient little doll. Doll, that is what people call her from outside her room.

She and others are sent to their rooms soon after. The room is not a reprieve, merely a new form of training.

Falcon looks to the wall, etched with countless tallies. The wishes of a child, a child that she still is in her heart.

She rolls over on her cot, facing the silver wall and closing her eyes.

Falcon does not dream, for she knows what her mind has waiting for her.

Falke knows many things.

She is free.

She has a mission.

She has a family.

She loves to learn.

Falke loves drinking milk tea and watching theatre performances, she loves training and growing stronger, she loves sharing lollipops with Ed and her friends, she loves to read, she loves waking up and feeling the sun’s rays on her face. She loves so many things.

She's sitting outside her new family's base of operations, a house built with their collective efforts. She's watching the sunrise. It's quiet, the birds chirping signalling another free day. This is what she fights for. So that people like her can know pleasures so simple as waking up in warmth.

She hears Ed's footsteps followed by his voice.

"Hey, I've got something for you."

Falke turns her body to find Ed dressed in a sleeveless white hoodie and dark pants. His casual wear. She's in a simple light blue dress. Her own casual-wear.

He's holding a simple cupcake with dark blue frosting and a candle lit with purple fire. Ed's voice is slightly awkward, he was never the most emotionally intelligent. He tries though, and Falke will always appreciate *some* effort to none.

"It's been about a year since we met and you've helped me grow stronger, so...

Falke wrapped her arms around Ed, surprising him as she whispered her gratitude.

"Thank you, Ed."

A tear rolls down her face, she doesn't care if some call it weak.

Ed returned the embrace slowly with his free arm.

"No problem."

Falke slowly unwrapped her arms and took the offering.

"Did you bake this?" She asked.

Ed chuckled, shaking his head.

"I tried, I even got Baba to help out, but I just couldn't make it work."

A playful smile tugged at Falke's lips.

"Ed," She began, her voice adopting an almost accusatory tone. "Did you steal this?"

Ed seemed almost offended by the insinuation.

"Of course not! I bought it."

Falke chuckled at Ed's insistence before turning her eyes to the sunrise.

"In any case, could you stay with me for a moment?"

He sat down beside her, smiling.

"Sure."

They sat together as the sun rose, feeling the warmth of freedom on them both. It wasn't perfect, the nightmares still happened on occasion, their powers still busted out whenever they got too heated, but with this little life they'd made for themselves?

They'd deal with it. They'd dealt with worse.

End Notes

A Falke character study, featuring a personal headcanon of mine.

I hope you enjoyed, comments are always appreciated.

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